THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

Closing of the Industrial Palace.

Amenities and Festivities in the American Colony.

DECORATIONS AND HONORS.

VIENNA, Oct. 30, 1873. The ceremonies attending the conclusion of the Exhibition have been sent to you by telegraph, and our commission and the American exhibitors are simply waiting to wind up affairs. A good deal of complaint is made against the Austrian government for what is called extra charge for space in the Machinery Hall and Industrial Palace. Even the ground on which the school house is built—a little green place outside the American department—has been charged a total rental to the Commission of about \$200. Considering that this building stands in the open Prater, or park, and costs nothing at all to the authorities, you can understand the extreme expedients which the Austrian Commission are adopting to lessen the deficit that will inevitably stare the Imperial exchequer in the face when the counts of the Exhibition are closed. Mr. Garretson, our Chief Commissioner, has protested against this charge, but I understand that the Im perial Commission expect to realize \$700,000 or \$200,000 from the assets of similar charges upon exhibitors in all departments. There is little trouble about the matter of storage, which has been settled by our Chief Commissioner and by Baron Schwarz amicably; but while the fact that these charges are made excites & great deal of comment in the society of exiles, who welcome aby topic of conversation or anger, especialt against the Austrian government, I attribute them simply to the inevitable discussion that arises in the winding up of an affair so intricate and gigantic as the commissions. The whole sum asmore than \$7,000 or \$8,000. AN AUSTRIAN DISAPPOINTMENT

Vienna journals discuss the closing of the Exhibition in rather a melancholy mood. They are full of regrets for the losses and disappointments of the year, and complain that the Exhibition closes before it has fairly commenced. "It is all over," says the Tageblatt. "The General Director Time asserts his rights and puts an end on the little world on the Prater. Napoleon the First once said of Austria, that she was always too late with an idea or an army-this time we have been in advance. We opened the Exhibition exactly one year too soon-first impressions were lost—the opening was a chaos. Then came the financial crash and the cholera. are told by chroniclers of the Middle Ages that there was a disease in those times the effect of which was to make the victims romp and jump in incessant dancing until they fell to the ground exhausted. This has been our dance. Down on the Prater we held permanent festival, while the cholera raged among our people and the financial rush on the Bourse drew with it innumer. able fortunes. Now we stand at the grave of the Exhibition. The millions which the undertaking has swallowed up represent only the smallest porgone with it. Like the fabled pelican, Vienna tore open her own breast to feed the exhibitors." give you this extract and rather wild lamentation as an evidence of the temper which pervades the mind of the press in reference to the closing of the

PRESENTATION TO MR. GARRETSON. In our American colony the event of the closing was a presentation to Mr. Garretson, the Chief Commissioner; Mr. McElrath, Assistant Commissioner, and Professor Hoyt, of Wisconsin. Upon direction of the American department since the overthrow of the Van Buren dynasty. I have had ccasion in this correspondence to speak so frequently of the labors of Mr. Garretson and his associates—at a time, too, when it was a most unenviable task—especially of his kindness, his good Lature, his genial personal ways, winning the confidence of his countrymen and the Austrian anthorities, that it is unnecessary for me to refer again to the subject, and you will understand the motives which led the exhibitors to pay Mr. Garretson and his associates this compliment. for Mr. Carretson was provided a gold watch and chain and a photographic album, while to Mr. McElbound tortoise and gold ornamental albums con taining photographs of illustrious people and noted places in this and other parts of the world. The members of the colony assembled at Mr. Garretson's rooms in the Hotel Britannia, and the presentation was a surprise to himself and his associates Mr. John S. Avery, of Spencer, Mass., made a little speech, congratulating the Commissioner upon the end of the Exhibition, his signal success, the kindly feelings entertained for him and other pleasant phrases. To this Mr. Garretson responded :-"You all know, my friends, that it is not any part of my duties to make speeches. I can only thank you heartily for tois beautiful gift. It comes upon me unexpectedly. It is pleasant to feel after so much labor and so many efforts to satisfy the exhibitors, that our services have been appreciated. Since the 15th of May this commission has spared no effort to advance the interests of Americans in Vienna. We have had opposition and serious obstacles and discouragements -but i would not be possible to discuss them here. The only thing that can be said to our people beyond the sea, is, that, whatever discouragements may bave attended the opening of the Exhibition, the natural energy of the American character made itself felt at the close. We have won respect from our comrades of the other nations who say with us under the palace dome. We feel a just pride at the result achieved, and it is well to be remembered that we owe this to the educational. industrial and manufacturing interests of the country, if our display was not as much as it might have been it had a representative character. Our machinery was unsurpassed by that of any other country. It took time to know this, for the labors of thinking men, as exhibited in the Machinery Hall, cannot be judged idly by the stroller or pleasure seeker, but only after careful, patient examination. I think, also, we should give our thanks to the President, who advocated the cause of our exhibition with the members of Congress and to the exhibitors, who joined earnestly in all that might redound to American honor. For myself and my associates I thank you for these evidences of kindly feeling and appreciation." After the speeches, which were brief, we had music, conversation and refreshments. Among those who were in the company I observed Mr. Adams, now a singer at the great opera; the irrepressible, inexhaustible and omnipresent Pay Director Cunningham, of the navy; General Post, Consul General were about to leave Vienna; Professor Watson and his wife, Dr. Broemel, of the Neue Freie Presse; Mr. Stebbins and family, Mr. and Mrs. Howe, Mr. and Mrs. Rawlings, Mr. Pickering, Mr. Myers and many

Last Day in the Palace.

VIENNA. Nov. 2, 1873.
This is the day of All Souls, and Vienna, being a Catholic metropolis, paid its sacred tributes of devotion to the memory of the dead in the few densely packed cemeteries that he outside the walls; and this being also the closing day of the Exhibition, the Prater was densely filled with people, who hurried to see the end. I should think four o'clock, the hour for closing, there were 150,000 people within the enclosure. At half-past three the circle under the high dome was a dense uncomfortable mass of humanity. The fountains played, the bells rung out a joyous peal, and a four the steam foghorn, which is the signal for closing, gave note that the final bour of the Exhad come. When this signal was given three Austrian bands, outside under the trees. I go

played the bymn, "God Preserve Our Emperor Francis." This over, there were loud cheers from the company, which were continued again and again. The iron shutters once more rolled down, doors were firmly closed, the police quietly bedged the multitude out of the building into the open spaces. and the Exhibition was at an end. It was a poetic idea to close the Exhibition on this festival. Easter—the season of returning life—marked the opening of the exhibition; All Souls—the day of the dead-marked its close.

Honors and Decorations.

VIENNA, Nov. 4, 1873. There are many matters of detail in connection with the Exhibition which are vet to be concluded. The rain of orders and decorations is falling. The Emperor has expressed his imperial thanks and recognition to the Protector of the Exhibition, the Archduke Charles Ludwig; to the President, the Archduke Rainer; likewise to the Archduke Albert, of the Austrian House: Duke August of Saxe Coburg Gotha; to the Prince and Princess of Lichtenstein and Schwartzenberg, for their devotion and energy in promoting the exhibition. Eighty persons of 46 corporations received "recognitions of service," 2 the order of the Iron Crown, 6 are created barons, 15 received the Order of Francis Joseph, 1 the Knight's Cross of the Order of St. Stephen, 1 the Knight's Cross of Leopold. 57 the Order of the Iron Crown of the third class. 130 the Knight's Cross of Franz Joseph, 2 received medals for art and science, 22 firms are permitted to affix the title of "Purveyors to the Court" to their business, 149 received the Golden Cross of Merit with the Crown, 74 the same cross without the Crown, 41 received the Silver Cross with the Crown, 38 without the Crown. These embody the distinctions given to Austrians. The foreign list is not yet published. A few Americans are to be decorated. The name of Baron Schwartzenberg is not to be found in this list, but as he received an unusual honor in the beginning of the Exhibition, the Emperor, I suppose, does not feel justi-

IS SHARKEY IN NEW YORK?

The Excitement Around the Tombs Subdued-Interview with Judge Dowling -What He Thinks of the Case.

Sharkey's escape, which occupied so much of the attention of the officials at the Tombs during last week, and about which commissioners, wardens and keepers and district attorneys held long and secret councils yesterday, was hardly spoken of around the precincts of the prison. Not only had the excitement died out somewhat, but the fact of the "Boss" being lodged within those walls at last became such a matter of curiosity and interest that things of lesser magnitude dwindled into comparative insignificance. However, Warden Jonason was still quietly working, trying to get more information, and certain matters yesterday came to his hand which will prove of immense importance in fastening the guilt of aiding and abetting the escape on one of the parties arrested. The Commissioners have given positive orders against allowing any visitors until this case is thoroughly sifted. Though several of Mr. Tweed's personal friends called yesterday, none were allowed to see him. In conversation with several persons well acquainted with criminal matters, and especially with matters connected with the Tombs, the HERALD reporter gleaned with the Tombs, the HERALD reporter gleaned that the general opinion among those best informed is that Sharkey is still in the city and will not leave it. Most of the people with whom the reporter talked were positive in their belief of the entire innocence of the keepers of any complicity, but

innocence of the keepers of any computery, but were loud in their DENUNCIATIONS OF THE COMMISSIONERS, who had removed men of 10 and 15 years' ex perience and replaced them by men who knew nothing of criminals or their tactics. The case of George Ellis, who attempted to escape in woman's disguise in May, 1870, was mentioned. Ellis, it seems, got as far as the front gate without being recognized till he offered his ticket to Keeper Kennedy. Kennedy quietly raised his veil, placed his hand on Ellis' shoulder and said, "That won't do. George."

Ellis at once accepted the situation and answered, "Say nothing, and I'll go back." Ellis, however, was told to sit down till the warden came, when he was brought back to his cell and placed in close confinement.

Among the rest that the reporter interviewed was

"What is your opinion of this escape?" asked the reporter.

"Well," said the Judge, "I think it has been concocting for two months or more, and I think these Commissioners are to olame for appointing green hands as keepers."

"Do you think there is much prospect of catching Sharkey?"

Judge Dowling—I think he is in the city, but the thing has been badly managed. That woman ought never to have been arrested. If they had let her alone she would surely have led them to him. I remember two or three cases of the kind in this precinct. One was

THE CASE OP BILLY PIERCE,
who escaped when I was captain of police. His wife used to meet me in the street, abuse me frightfully and spit in my face, but I never allowed her to be arrested. I gave positive instructions

wife used to meet me in the street, abuse me frightfully and spit in my face, but I never allowed her to be arrested. I gave positive instructions to my officers not to arrest her, and after three weeks she led me to Billy. There is no doubt about it, if you give them rope enough they are sure to connect.

REPORTER—Do you think Sharkey can remain long in the city without being tracked?

Judge Dowling—Oh, he might remain some time if he aon't drink. He will wait probably till some big excitement springs up, such as war with Spain, and then he will get out. What they ought to do is to send a detective to Southampton, to Brest and to Hayre.

is to send a detective to Southampton, to Brest and to Havre.

This ended the interview with this well known ex-Police Justice.

CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION OF

AMERICA.

A Commissioner to Ireland-Union Between Ireland and America to Protect Emigrants-Action of the Irish Bishops-Demonstration at Cooper Institute. At the late National Convention of the Catholic

Total Abstinence Union of America, held in this city, it was resolved that the reverend president and officers extend all possible courtesies to Irish societies organized for total abstinence under the guidance of the Church, especially in the matter of protecting emigrant members.

Important steps have already been taken look-

ing to this. On Saturday Mr. J. J. O'Mahony sailed in the City of Paris, from this city, for Ireland, with letters from Very Rev. Patrick Byrne, President of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, to eminent leaders of the movement in Ireland, setting forth the friendly action of the American Convention, and offering all possible aid to properly accredited emigrants having cards of membership from Irisa parochial total abstinence societies, endorsed by parish priests. Mr. O'Mahony last spring was entrusted with similar commissions by the New Jersey Union.

priests. Mr. O'Mahony last spring was entrusted with similar commissions by the New Jersey Union, and in April he had interviews with Cardinal Cullen, Most Reverend Dr. Keane, Bishop of Cloyne, and other prelates. From being the affair of one State, this movement in behalf of temperance emigrants has been made a national matter by the efforts of the New Jersey Union. The president of that union is now secretary of the General Union. The bishops of Ireland, have pronounced at their late meeting in favor of temperance association societies, based on Catholic principles, as the American bodies. This was dene at the bishops' meeting last month. The news reached here soon after the adjournment of the Synod, and the departure of the total abstinence messenger was hastened. The chief point is not the starting of societies in Ireland, as upon the bishops and priests there that depends, but to make known the will and power of our total abstinence associations to to see to the welfare of the emigrants when they land, which will have an important bearing on the minds of these good men. Mr. O'Mahony is intrusted with this on behalf of the Union of America.

In New York city and Brooklyn and Jersey City there are fully 100 Catholne total abstinence societies. The harbor is surrounded with temperance colonies. They propose to bring emigrants straight to their hails. Mr. J. W. O'Brien, the National Secretary, last week made a visit to Castle Garden and the boarding houses into which emigrants are led. Every boarding house has a bar attached to it. At the first step the emigrant meets "the damning habits of society." It is now sought to save him from these surroundings and bring him under temperance influences as soon as he lands. Cards of mutual recognition between Irish and American societies it is thought will compass this object. The details of the system will be arranged after the report of Mr. O'Mahony from Irieland is received.

The matter is deemed of mutual tecognition between Irish and American societies to the him w

THE GOLDEN DOL; OR, THE ENCHANTED TREE.

CHAPTER I.

A ORL'S DESPAIR.

Upon a lonely shore of Tongataboo harbor, in the island of Tongataboo, two persons sat hadden for the cabin.

They were subspaire.

The former was a plain, simple clergyman of middle age.

The latter was a charming girl of 17 years, secrecly more remarkable for her loveliness than for her serving good sense and a worldly wisdon. As to the wife and mother of this couple, she had long been steeping her last sleep in one of the long-ty pooks of this far Facilic Island.

They were shored the servine of the couple, she had long been sleeping her last sleep in one of the long-ty pooks of this far Facilic Island.

The verting to Christianity their pagan islohitors; but the good missionary had, in some unintentional way, failen under the displeasure of the ruler of the joint and and was now being huntred for his lie.

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The shore of the service of the ruler of the joint and and was now being huntred for his lie.

The shore of the were one in that direction, whispered the missionary is more than the savages were near us."

"They think we have gone in that direction, whispered the missionary. "Oh, if they only knew how near we are still to the sectionent?"

"They think we have gone in that direction, whispered the missionary is considered the missionary of the savages were near us."

"It was a say they will, Ellie, All her comes another band of them."

"A dozen armed warriors traversed the analy beach immediately in front of the miding place of the pl

This was all she could say, but she pointed far away in the direction from which the fugitives had come.

"I see," murmured Mr. Fortescue, "they have fired our dweiling."

A lurid flame arose in the air in the distance.
"It is hard to see our home perishing," sighed the daughter. "What demons they are!"

She started again, even more violently than before—this time at the barking of a dog within ten leet of her.
"The cur will certainly betray us!" cried the missionary, springing to his feet.
"He has betrayed us already," returned Elfie. "See! they are coming,"
In the last moment at his residence Mr. Fortescue had seized an old sword he chanced to have upon his premises, and he thanked Heaven for the service that this weapon now rendered him, he being able to cleave the dog in twain with a single desperate blow.

"Had we better not plunge into the interior, father?" asked Ellie.
"I think not. It is there that they are looking for us, They are beating up every bush, and—yes! they are certainly coming nearer to us. See! they have forches! Oh, this is horrible!"
"Perhaps we had better throw ourselves into a boat, and trust ourselves to the winds and waves."
"I'vould have done so, darling, but for the roughness of the sea."
"It's all up with our halt here," said the missionary, turning back. "We must fly. The dog was heard and the savages are hastening in this direction."

Breaking from their covert, hand in hand, the

was heard and the direction."

Breaking from their covert, hand in hand, the father and daughter ran along the beach and gained a temporary shelter behind a small ledge of rocks which jutted out into the sea in the form of country, required by

rocks which jutted out into the sea in the form of a small promontory.

"If we only had a boat now!" sighed the father, "possibly we could get off in it."

Ere Elite could reply a solitary savage came bounding from the bushes, brandishing his war cith. club. "Alas! alas!" mourned Mr. Fortescue.

"Alas! alas!" mourned Mr. Fortescue.

He had realized only too well the imminence of the peril—the utter jutility of all his efforts at escape—but he met the foremost savage with the strength of desperation, cleaving him in twain nearly as cleverly as he had despacehed the dog which had discovered the whereabouts of the couple; but then came the sharp, loud report of a musket—and the good missionary lay weltering in his blood, with a bullet through his vitals.
"I am hit!" he cried. "I cannot go on."
"Not even to the boat, father?"
"Alas, it is too late!" laltered the dying missionary, as everything reeled around him,
"To Thee, O God, I commend her!"
These were the last words of the devoted missionary. As he uttered them he tumbled into the boat he had succeeded with his his last desperate efforts in reaching, and in that same instant his senses left him forever.
"Off, demons!" cried Ellie, still wielding her sword with the strength of despart.

"Off, demons!" cried Ellie, still wielding her sword with the strength of despair. By the last desperate effort of her exhausted powers the brave girl succeeded in pushing off the boat and in breaking clear of the pursuers with it.

A FIENDISH REVENGE.

At the same hour when the preceding events were occurring a large, topsail schooner was standing on and off the Eastern Passage of Tongataboo harbor, waiting to enter the port and come Upon the stern of this schooner, leaning against

Upon the stern of this schooner, leaning against the bulwarks, stood a fresh looking and rosy faced youth of 18 or 19 years, who was looking dreamily through the night in the direction of the distant land. And near this youth stood the skipper of the schooner, whose gaze had long been fixed in the Did I understand

same direction.

"bid I understand you to say, Denny Breeze, that you expect to find old acquaintances upon this island?" asked the commander, breaking a long and attentive silence.

"Yes, Captain Morrison," replied Denny Breeze, drawing nearer to his commander, so as to speak with more of the freedom of confidence. "I refer to the Rev. Mr. Fortescue and his daughter."

"Yes, Captain Morrison," replied Denny Breeze, drawing nearer to his commander, so as to speak with more of the freedom of confidence. "I refer to the Rev. Mr. Fortescue and his daughter."
"They are old acquaintances, then?"
"Yes, sir. They used to live in the village where I was born, and their house was always to me like a second home—the only home I have had, in fact, since the death of my mother."

"And the strange disappearance of your father, you should have added," said Captain Morrison gravely, as he patted the youth affectionately upon the shoulder. "It is the strangest thing in creation whatever became of your father, boy. And yet, in another sense, there was nothing strange about it; it was simply another case of 'toot at sea!" How many a life has ended to all earthly ken with that brief announcement. But what is it that is going on ashore to the west'ard of us?" he added, as a vast blaze illuminated the horizon in that quarter. "Looks like a house after."

"Yes, sir, it does," assented Denny.

"And it is a house after," affirmed Captain Morrison, after a long look through his glass, "and it's curious athat none of the savages who are running about make the least effort to put it out. And now that I look again, it seems to me that the burning house is exactly in the direction of the one Mr. Fortescue occupied."

Denny Breeze turned pale at this suggestion.

"Oh, I hope not, sir!" he exclaimed.

"It would be horrible if Ellie Fortescue should be in such trouble." said Denny, after a long look shoreward. "There seems to be a great deal of jumping and dancing in the neighborhood of that fire, and not a soul doing anything, as I can see, toward putting it out."

"Guess I'll go below now and get a bit of sleep, Mr. Buncle, "said Captain Morrison to his second mate. "Call me if anything happens."

And with this the commander withdrew.

He had scarcely gone when Mr. Buncle, the second mate, approached one of the seamen under his charge and said—"Now is our chance, Bill. If you'll call Tom and the rest for a

Why, what ails you, Denny?" he cried. "You

in."

"Why, what ails you, Denny?" he cried. "You are pale."

"Perhaps I have reason to be. Mr. Buncle and a good share of the men are hatching up a plot to leave the schooner in the longboat and make the sland!"

"What!—to-night !"

"Yes, sir—to-night. "Now is our time,' they say, 'while the old man is sleeping!"

The commander slipped neiselessly from the cabin and soon his voice was heard upon the foreastle. The truth was he had waited, unseen and silent, until the conspirators were about to resort to the measure of getting out the longboat, and then he had fallen upon them with ail the stern authority of his character.

A few minutes only the din fasted, and then the commander slipped back to the cabin.

"I've fixed them," he muttered, as he rubbed his hands gleefully together. "I waited till they were getting out of the boat and then I went for them. You can imagine how Buncle is cut up. Mr. Skill is now in charge of things. Here, steward!"

The steward immediately responded to the call. "Make me my usual favorite punch," added the commander, "and let us have it while it is hot."

The steward bowed understandingly, and set about obeying the order.

After remaining alone in the cabin an hour or two, musing intently upon all he had seen in the direction of the island. Denny Breeze again took his way to the deck, which seemed to him singularly dark and deserted.

The wind had Ireshened notably. A chopping

solence.
Denny Breeze, at these words, bounded towards the cabin, shouting:—
"More villany, Captain Morrison! Help! help!"
He had scarcely finished this cry, when he found himself intercepted by several pairs of of hands and numerous fingers clutching his throat.
"Up with him, boys!" was the short but fateful command of Buncie.
It was in vain that Denny, realizing the horrible intention of his enemies, essayed to defend himseli—all in vain! He was lifted clear of the deck in an instant, and hurled over the bulwarks into the raging waters! the raging waters!

he raging waters!

AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT.

For an instant, Denny Breeze believed his last

For an instant, benny Breeze believed his last hour had come.

To swim, encumbered with all his clothes, in such a sea as was running, was impossible.

How, then, did benny escape?

By the veriest accident in the world.

At the moment he was litted from the deck, pre-liminary to his being hurled over the bulwarks, his leet caught in a portion of the hamper to which reference has been made. One of his legs, in fact, became entangled in the colls of a sheet, in such a way as to hold him fast.

Upon reaching the water, therefore, he was by no means clear of the schooner, as his enemies supposed. To the contrary, he remained attached to the vessel by a rope more than an inch in diameter, and perceived that he was being towed gently through the water alongside, keeping pace with the schooner.

The long boat was already in the water. The schooner had been leit under such easy sail, with

The long boat was already in the water. The schooner had been leit under such easy sall, with a view to this desertion, that her progress through the water was scarcely perceptible.

"Isn't there any spoil aboard?" asked Bill Marling, who had been chosen to stand next to Buncle in charge of the expedition.

"I know there is specie aboard," said Buncle, reflectively. "But where the specie is stored is beyond my knowledge."

"Pete ought to know all about that pomt," suggested Marling, "since he is always in the calun."

"Yes, and I does, boss," said Pete, with a grin of pleased importance.

"Fetch it up, then, immediately," commanded Buncle.

pleased importance.

"Fetch it up, then, immediately," commanded Bunele.

In five minutes more the little band of deserters had stripped the schooner of its specie, plate, linen and other valuables, with a number of nautical instruments, lanterns, &c., and had pushed clear of the vessel, standing toward the island.

Fortunately this departure took place upon the side of the schooner opposite to that from which our hero had been thrown overboard and along-side of which he was being towed gently through the water.

"They've gone!" he heard a voice exclaim a few moments later.

"Help, there!" he called.

"Where are you!" was the response of the voice which had before spoken.

"Here—alongside—on the starboard side!" exclaimed our hero.

"Who are you?"

"Mr. Breeze—the passenger."

Sundry ejaculations of wonder succeeded, blended with the hurried trampling of feet, and then the sheet which had rendered Denny such timely service was slowly drawn in until he found himself able to grasp the oulwarks.

"That'll do!" he called. "I'm all right now. Where is Mr. Skill?"

"Coming to himself, sir; but not yet able to move," auswered Etton. "He was black in the

Where is Mr. Skill?"
"Coming to himself, sir; but not yet able to move," answered Elton. "He was black in the face when we released him."
"How many of you are lett?"
"Only four of us, excepting you and the cap'n,"
"You had better take the light from your rigging." suggested Denny. "There is little danger

"You had better take the light from your rigging," suggested Denny. "There is little danger of our failing loui of another ship in these waters, and it will be well to put it out of the power of Buncle and his gang to board us."

The suggestion was adopted.
"Let us hope that no chance will throw us into their power," said Denny, as carelessly as if no peril had ever assailed him. "For my part, i don't care to be towed alongside by one leg again."
"We'll stand in toward the harbor," said Captain Morrison, who was now quite himself again, with the exception of a severe headache. "Doubtless our runaways have made the island in safety. They would not mind taking the risk of a landing in the darkness in such a boat as they had."
"I see nothing of any ship in port," remarked Captain Morrison to our hero, as they paced the deck together.
"No, sir. There certainly is none—at least within the range our vision."

deck together.

"No, sir. There certainly is none—at least within the range our vision."

"We shall have to be very careful about our movements," said the commander.

The schooner had advanced several miles into the Passage, when Captain Morrison became convinced that the dwelling which had been destroyed the previous evening, as related, was no other than that of the missionary.

"It may have been burned by accident, sir," suggested Denny, with keen giances through a glass at the distant ruins.

"It may, indeed," assented the commander; "but I fear to the contrary. I don't like the looks of things. The tawny ruscals are not acting as usual. There is something wrong with them. I shall not venture a landing, unless a ship of war, or at least a stout trader, should arrive here within twenty-four hours. In fact, Pil go about immediately and give them a wide berth until further light is thrown upon them."

He had just given the order to go about when a cry of startled surprise arose from nearly every soul on the vessel.

"Look!" cried Denny, pointing towards one of the outlying islands which define the northern limits of the passage. "Yonder is the long boat."

This was indeed the case.

"She is pushing out to intercept us!" cried Captain Morrison.

"And all the rascals are in her," declared Mr. Skill. "This is awkward."

This was indeed the case.

"She is pushing out to intercept us!" cried Captain Morrison.

"And all the rascals are in her," declared Mr. Skill. "This is awkward,"

"The villains!" exclaimed Captain Morrison, sternly. "They have not found the natives quite so pleasant to deal with as they imagined and now they wish to come back to the schooner."

"You will not let them come aboard, sir!" demanded Mr. Skill.

"No, sir. After what they have done they would not hesitate a moment to kill us all and take possession of the schooner. That's probably the very course they intend to take. It only remains for us to fight them," muttered Captain Morrison. "We may as well be getting our tools together."

The preparations for defence were scarcely completed when the long-boat was within halling distance, continuing to advance rapidly.

"Sheer off there, you viliains!" shouted Captain Morrison, as he raised a musket menacingly. "You can't come back to the schooner."

"We must come back!" shouted Buncle, in return. "There's no living with the natives. They've risen upon the missionaries and strangers, killing every one of them. We have had a terrible battle with them..."

"Sheer off there, I say," interrupted Captain Morrison, raising his musket. "You can't come

"Sheer off there, I say," interrupted Captain Morrison, raising his musket. "You can't come aboard of the schooner."
"We can and we will!" cried Buncle, with a

degred resolution that sufficiently evidenced the desperation of his circumstances. "If you are wise, Captain Morrison, you'll let us come aboard and excuse what has happened. We are sorry for our conduct of last evening; it all came of our having had too much liquor. We wish to return to

"Destruction!" exclaimed Buncle, as he caught sight of Denny. "The youngster isn't dead, after Then he called to Captain Morrison.
"It is useless for you to warn us off, Captain. We are certainly coming aboard, even if we have to

aght you."
And with this the long boat resumed its swift ad-And with this the long boat resumed its swift advance upon the schooner.

"And let me say just one word more," added Buncie. "We are two to your one, and for every shot that is fired upon us we shall take a horrible

A VERY WEB OF PERIL.

It was in vain that her savage enemies called to Ellie Fortescue, in the Irightful circumstances in which we left her.

"The water is full of sharks:"
She little heeded, in that awful hour, this additional perist tional perils
"Oh, father | speak to me !" she cried, sustaining
the pallid face of the dead missionary above the

water.

The dumbness succeeding this appeal was terribly significant, as was also the very inertness of the lifeiess form.

"He is dead!" she gasped.

Hovering over the edge of the boat, and heedless alike of the cries of the savages or of the missiles they were still discharging at her, the poor girl placed her hand upon the heart of the mis-

As she reached the beach she found herself con-fronted by the king of the natives, the father of

you last......''
'Oh, I will not run away, I assure you! Do not

man was notified to hold an inquest.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

SAWYER-RICKER.—On Saturday, November 22 at the residence of the bride's parents, 48 West Forty-seventh street, by the Rev. Dr. J. Elder, LUCUS W. SAWYER, to MISS ELIZABETH M. RICKER, all of this city.

Died.

Union Square Theatre), wife of James W. Collies, 840 Broadway.

A requiem high mass will be cetebrated at St. Ann's church, East Twelfth street, this (Monday) morning, November 24, at nine o'clock. Funeral will take place at eleven. Relatives and friends of both families are respectfully invited to attend.

Conklin.—On Sunday morning, November 23, at half-past nine o'clock, of membranous croup, Mamie, only daughter of William and Sophia Conklin, aged 4 years and 4 months.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, on Tuesday, November 25, at one o'clock, from her late residence 550 Broome street.

COPPERS.—At Hoboken, N. J., after a short illness, CATHARINE, wife of Dennis Coppers, aged 37 years. Hovering over the edge of the boat, and heedless alike of the cries of the savages or of the missiles they were still discharging at her, the poor girl placed her hand upon the heart of the missionary.

It had indeed ceased to beat.

"And I may as well die, too!" was the cry of anguish that welled to Ellie's lips as she capsized the nearly flied boat and let her father's body sink in the sea to keep it from talling into the hands of the cannibals. "Of what further use is my life, even if I could make my escape from these nurderous enemies? It matters little what becomes of me now," said Ellie to herself as she swam shoreward. "They can do what they will." The next instant she was seized by the hair of her head by the foremost of her bursuers, and dragged rudely out of the water and thrust into the bottom of a boat.

"The missionary?" cried this savage, looking eagerly around upon the surface of the water. The girl pointed downward, with a manner sufficiently indicative of her belief that the body of her father was going down thousands of feet, to the midst of coral caves, beyond all decay, beyond all life, there to await the resurrection.

The savage uttered a howl of anger and regret, which attested that the timely fears of Ellie for the remains of her lather had not been unfounded.

"Never mind—you will do as well," grunted the savage significantly.

These were the last words the unfortunate wretch ever uttered, a blow at that instant from the club of a native, who had arrived in a second boat, having knocked him overboard and left him senseless, to meet a certain death by drowning.

"You are my prize, lovely flower of a hated race:" muttered the new comer, as he transferred the girl to his own boat, leaving that of his murdered rival to drift away upon the water. "You know me, do you not? I am Tongaroro?"

Ellie recognized her captor now, and she was not displeased with the substitution of Tongaroro for the ruffian who had at first seized her. For this Tongarora was one of the leading chiefs of the islands—a

years.

The relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend her inneral, from St. Mary's church, Willow street, Hoboken, on Tuesday, at twelve

willow street, Hoboken, on Tuesday, at twelve o'clock.

DEVINE.—On Sunday, November 23, after a short illness, Mangaret Devine, wile of Joseph Devine, in the 40th year of her age.

Relatives and friends of the family are requested to attend the funeral, from her late residence, 352 East Thirteenth street, on Tuesday, November 25, at one o'clock P. M.

DOUGLAS.—On Saturday, November 22, AGNES DOUGLAS, native of Dunkeld, Scotland, aged 65 years.

Relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral on Monday, November 24, 1873, from the residence of her brother, Alexander Douglas, 352 West Forty-third street, at ten o'clock A. M.

Douglas, 352 West Forty-third street, at ten o'clock A. M.

DUMBLE,—Suddenly, on Sunday morning, November 23, Mary ann, beloved wile of Joseph Lumble, agod 43 years.

Friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from her late residence, 335 West Thirty-eighth street, on Tuesday, 25th inst., at one o'clock.

EDGAR.—At Woodbridge, N. J., on Saturday, November 22, Francis P. EDGAR.

Relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend the funeral, from the Presbyterian church, Woodbridge, on Tuesday, the 25th inst., at one o'clock P. M. Train leaves New York foot of Cortlandt and Desbrosses streets, at ten o'clock A. M.

FAGAN.—ELLEN FAGAN, relict of Francis Fagan, aged 53 years.

The friends of the family and those of her sons, Patrick and Edward, are most respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from her late residence, 439 East Eleventh street, on Monday morning, November 24, to St. Bridget's church, at hall-past me o'clock, where a solemn requirem mass will be offered for the repose of her soul, and from thence, at half-past one, to Calvary Cemetery for interment.

FISHER.—On Sunday, November 23, Mrs. Mary FISHER, in the 90th year of her age. "Oh, you will not let them eat me?" cried Ellie, shuddering, her tender and delicate nature shrin k-ing more from that profanation than from death itself.

at half-past one, to Calvary Cemetery for Interment.

FISHER.—On Sunday, November 23, Mrs. MARY FISHER, in the 90th year of her age.

Funeral will take place to-day, at one o'clock P. M., from the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Russ, Sixty-third street and Ninth avenne.

GEITINGS.—On Sunday, November 23, JAMES A. GETTINGS.—On Sunday, November 23, JAMES A. GETTINGS aged 44 years.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from 523 Hudson street, on Tuesday, the 25th inst., at ten o'clock, to St. Joseph's church, where a requiem mass will be offered up for the repose of his soul; from thence to Calvary Cemetery.

HALLOCK.—On Sunday morning, November 23, Mrs. Deidame Hallock, aged 83 years, 1 month and 19 days. ing more from that profanation than from death itself.

"No, they shall not eat you," said the savage stoutly; at least, not without my permission."

"Oh, say that they shall noteat me, in any case," pleaded Eille.

"I do not care to say that," said the chief slowly, shaking his head. "Somebody must be eaten in the great festival of to-morrow. Perhaps some white man will come this way".

"But surely you can save me if you will."

"There is one way in which I can save you," said Tongaroro, as he continued to row quietly shoreward. "and that is for you to become my wife."

"Your wife!" and the girl shuddered.

"But that, I see, is out of the question," said the chief, grimly. "And so you will probably be eaten to-morrow."

As she reached the beach she found herself con-

and 19 days.

The funeral will take place on Wednesday, the 28th lust., at half-past one o'clock P. M., from the residence of her son, George G. Hallock, 253 East Broadway. Relatives and friends are invited to attend

attend.

HARBECK.—Suddenly, on Saturday, November 22, 1873, John H. HARBECK, 1st, in his 33d year.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend his funeral, at his late residence, No. 34 Clermont avenue, Brooklyn, on Wednesday, November 26, at one citatek P. Trongaroro.

"Take her away and let her be well fed," commanded the chief, addressing his son. She must not be found aims for the feast of to-morrow."

Tangaroro made a gesture to the girl, leading the way toward his house, and she lost no time in

the way toward his house, and she lost no time in lollowing him.

This house was an average specimen of the sim-ple constructions of the island, being little more than a thatched roof supported upon posts. It stood in a retired spot, with great trees around it. than a thatched roof supported upon posts. It stood in a retired spot, with great trees around it, and had about it an air of uncommon nestness—a lact owing to the refined manners the sister of the young chief had acquired from the missionaries, and especially from Elile's mother.

"Here you are to stay to-night," said Tongaroro, as he ushered her into a small, close apartment at one end of the house. "If you make me any trouble, it will be the worse for you. I shall chain you hat—"

funeral, at his late residence, No. 94 Clermont avenue, Brooklyn, on Wednesday, November 26, at one o'clock P. M.

HENRY.—On Saturday, November 22, CATHERINE HENRY, in the 78th year of her age.

Funeral on Monday, November 24. High mass at St. Bernard's church, West Thirteenth street, at ten A. M. Residence, 502 West Sixteenth street, at ten A. M. Residence, 502 West Sixteenth street, Hibbard,—On Saturday, November 22, Samuel, son of Oliver and Louisa Hibbard, aged 4 years, 10 months and 22 days.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of his parents, 50 East Thirty-second street, on Monday, at one o'clock P. M.

Holmes.—At his residence, in Hudson, N. Y., on Sunday morning, November 23, Rev, Edwin Holmes, in the 77th year of his age.

His relatives and friends and those of his son, Rev. John McC. Holmes, D. D., and the reverend clergy are respectually invited to attend his funeral, from the First Reformed church of Hudson, N. Y., on Wednesday, November 26, at two o'clock P. M.

KAYSER.—In Brooklyn, or Sunday, November 23, alter a short illness, Francis H. Kayser, aged 50 years.

Notice of the juneral in to-morrow's papers.

"Oh, I will not run away, I assure you! Do not chain me! It does not matter what becomes of me now—except that I cannot bear the thought of being eaten. Do not chain me!"
"I must," said Tongaroro grimly. "I shall be away a great deal to-night, and I am afraid that Lootoo may come and carry you off. A good chain will prevent all that, and chained you must be!" KAYSER.—In Brooklyn, or Sunday, November 23, after a short lilness, Francis H. Kayser, aged 50 years.

Notice of the luneral in to-morrow's papers.

Lynch.—On Saturday, November 22, 1873, Thomas Lynch, in the 22d year of his age.

The remains will be taken from his late residence, No. 379 Cumberland street, Brooklyn, on Wednesday, November 26, at uine o'clock, to the Church of the Assumption, corner of Jay and York street, where a mass of requiem will be offered up for the regose of his soul, at ten o'clock A. M. After the service the remains will be taken to Calvary Cemetery for interment.

Paterson (N.1) papers please copy.

Mobgan,—In Brooklyn, on Friday, November 21, Mrs. Emeline Morgan, in her 59th year.

Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, from the residence of her son-in-law, John Magill, 279 skillman street, on Monday, November 24, at two P. M.

Moran.—On Sunday, November 23, Jane, beloved wife of Patrick Moran.

Notice of funeral hereafter.

MURPHY.—On Saturday evening, November 22, Ellen Murphy.—On Saturday evening, November 24, at two o'clock, from the residence of her cousin, Michael Murphy, No, 216 Minth avenue, Relatives and friends are invited to attend.

MCCARRICK.—On Sunday, November 23, Edward Muller, second son of Robert Mullen and Ellen McCarrick, aged 3 years and 2 months.

The inneral will take place from the residence of his parents, No, 175 Mulberry street, on Tuesday, the 25th inst., at one o'clock P. M. Friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend.

MCCUSKER.—At Harlem, on Sunday, November 23, Rosanna, reliet of Peter McCusker, a native of county Tyrone, ireland, in the 50th year of her age. He secured around one of the girl's ankles a He secured around one of the girl's ankies a stout chain, which had evidently once belonged to some vessel, and then the other end of the chain was fastened as securely to one of the stout posts supporting the roof of the awelling.
"I will bring tood and drink," he said, turning away, "and do not be foolish."
The food and drink supplied her, he took his departure, leaving her alone in the darkness.
She had not been in this place a great while, however, when the door of her prison was opened, and the grim figure of another native chief was presented indistinctly to her gaze.

"Are you Tongaroro?" she asked, in a flutter of apprehension.

"Are you tongaroto?" she asked, in a finiter of apprehension.

"No, I am Lootoo! Hush! I have come to release you, and carry you off to the woods and the mountains!"

"Alas! you cannot release me—even if I wished you to," signed Eilie. "I am chained!"

"Onained!"

The new comer echoed the word in a tone of the gravest annovance. gravest annoyance.

"Are you telling me the truth?" he demanded.
"You can feel, or look, for yourself."

Lootoo at first felt of the chain, and then produced a light by friction, and examined it. As he did so, this brow darkened fearfully. He scowled like a fiend.
"I cannot release you, if I were to work all night," he muttered. "And all will be decided

"I cannot release you, if I were to work all night," he muttered. "And all will be decided against me to-morrow. But there is one thing I can do; I hate Tongaroro, and here is a chance for me to cause him a great annoyance."
"How?" haltered Ellie.
"I will kill you!" replied Lootoo. "Since I cannot set you free I must kill you where you are!" He drew forth a large knile for his purpose. The above we publish as a specimen chapter; but the continuation of this story will be found only in the New York Ledger. Ask for the number dated December 8, which can now be had at any news office or book store. If you are not within reach of a news office you can have the Ledger mailed to you for one year by sending \$3 to Robert Bonner, publisher, 186 William street, New York. The relatives and friends, and those of her The relatives and friends, and those of her sons Peter, James and John, are respectfully invited to attend the funeral from her late residence, 226 East 11th street, on Tuesday, November 25, at one o'clock P. M.

MCKNIGHT.—On Sunday, November 23, CARRIE V., wife of Daniel McKnight, aged 37 years, 9 months and 16 days, at her residence, 603 Sixth avenue.

Margaret Trail fell from a window of premises No. Dover street on Saturday night, and subsequently died in the Park Hospital. Coroner Herr

McKNIGHT.—On Sunday, November 23, Carrie V., wife of Daniel McKmight, aged 37 years, 9 months and 16 days, at her residence, 603 Sixth avenue.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the uneral, at the Forty-third street Methodist Episcopal church, on Monday, November 24, at half-past two ofclock P. M.

Norwalk (Conn.) papers please copy.

McKrill.—On Saturday, November 22, Helen McKrill, in the 52d year of her age.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend her funeral, from the residence of her brother-in-law, David R. Mangam, No. 28 West Fiftleth street, on Tuesday, November 25, at four o'clock P. M.

Philadelphia papers please copy.

OSMERS.—On Friday, November 21, 1873, John OSMERS, in the 54th year of his age.

The relatives and friends of the family and members of United Brothers, Lodge No. 356, F. and A. M., are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from his late residence, No. 95 South Tenth street, Brooklyn, E. D., on Tuesday, the 25th inst., at one P. M.

O'MCLLANE.—The "month's mind" of the Rev. David O'MULLANE, late pastor of St. Vincent de Paul's, North Sixth street, Brooklyn, will be held at the church on Monday morning, November 24, at ten o'clock.

The clergy, relatives and friends, are respectfully invited to attend.

O'NKIL.—On Saturday, November 22, Bernard O'NKIL.—On Saturday, November 22, Bernard O'NKIL.—On Saturday, November 24, at ten o'clock, Phillips.—On Saturday, November 22, Ammie Star, infant daughter of Charles H. and Clara R. Philips, aged 1 year, 6 months and 17 days.

Funeral this day (Monday), at one o'clock, from 304 East 112th Street.

Richards.—On Sunday morning, November 23, of pneumonia, Caroline Richards, a native of England, aged 35 years.

Her friends and those of her nephew, James Rowe, are requested to attend the funeral, on Tuesday morning, at ten o'clock, at the Church of the Ascension, Fifth avenue, corner of Tenth street.

Sands.—On Sunday morning, November 23, William Sands, in the 52d year of his age.

Street.
Sands.—On Sunday morning, November 23,
WILLIAM Sands, in the 52d year of his age.
Funeral at the residence of his brother, 336 West
Twenty-second street, this (Monday) afternoon at
two P. M. Remains will be taken to Newburg for

two P. M. Remains will be taken to Newburg for interment.

SHANLEY.—On Friday, November 21, William J.

SHANLEY, in the 28th year of his age.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from his late residence, 515 West Forty-sixth street, on Monday afternoon, at one o'clock.

SNOOK.—On Saturday morning, November 22, at the residence of his parents, Washington Heights, Albert SNOOK, aged 19 years, 2 months and 4 days.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, on Tuesday, November 25, from the Washington Heights Presbyterian church, at half-past three o'clock P. M.

Tilley.—At Locust Valley, Queens county, on

Presbyterian church, at haif-past three o'clock P. M.

TILLEY.—At Locust Valley, Queens county, on Sunday, November 23, Sakah Tilley, in the S34 year of her age.

Tise.—At his residence, Bergen and Glenwood avenues, Jersey City Heights, George Tise, aged 93 years, 5 months and 15 days.

Relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the Reformed church (adjoining his late residence), on Tuesday afternoon, at two o'clock.

TULEY.—On Saturday, November 22, Mary E., widow of William D. Tuley.

The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from All Saints' church, corner Henry and Scammel streets, on Tuesday, November 25, at one o'clock P. M.

WALKER.—In Brocklyn, on Saturday, November 22, Jans A., wife of William Walker.

Funeral services on Tuesday, at two P. M., from her son's residence, 278 Carliton avenue, Brooklya Friends are invited to attend.

Long Island napers please copy.

ASHEEY.—On Saturday. November 22, Genevieve Ashbey, child of Asa and Margarette Ashbey, aged 3 years and 6 months.

Funeral on Monday, at two P. M., at their residence, Vroom street and Tuers avenue, Jersey City Heights.

Bailis.—In Jersey City, on Wednesday, November 19, Richard J. Baile, aged 43 years.

Relatives and friends of the family, Manhattan Lodge, No. 62, A. F. and A. M., of New York, and sister lodges are invited to attend his funeral, on Monday, November 24, at twelve o'clock, from his late residence, 222 Mercer street, and from St. Mark's Episcobal church, corner of Montgomery and Grove streets, at half-past twelve o'clock.

The members of Manhattan Lodge, No. 62, F. and A. M., are hereby summoned to attend a special communication of the lodge at No. 33 Union square, on Monday, November 24, at ten o'clock A. M., for the purpose of paying the last tribute of respect to our late Brother Richard I. Baile.

MOSES G. WANZOR, Master.

J. H. HORSFALL, Secretary.

BRANN.—On Sunday, November 23, HRNRY ATHANASIUS, infant son of James M. and Sarah Brann, aged 3 months and 23 days.

Relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, this (Monday) alternoon, at three o'clock, from No. 265 Second street, Jersey city.

BREARELL.—On Sunday morning, November 23, at a quarter past four o'clock, James Brearell, aged & years.

Relatives and friends are respectfully invited to attend the inneral, from his late residence, 238 Ninth avenue, on Thursday afternoon, 27th inst., at one o'clock.

BYRON.—On Sunday, November 23, of consumption, Catharine, wife of Michael Byron, in the 52d years of her age.

The relatives and friends are invited to attend the inneral, from her late residence, No. 512 West Fifty-diffth street, on Tuesday afternoon, at one o'clock.

CARPENTER.—On First Day, Eleventh Month, 23, Percy J. CARPENTER, youngest son of Silas S. and Ada C. Carpenter, aged 3 years and 10 months. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, from her late residence, No. 512 West Funeral this day (Monday), at one P.M., from 943
Third avenue.

COLE.—On Sunday morning, November 23, after
a short illness, CHARLES COLE.
The relatives and friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, from the
residence of his mother-in-law. Mrs. John Pettigrew, 256 Pitth avenue, at twelve o'clock M., on
Tuesday, November 25.

COLLIER.—On Saturday morning, November 22,
1873, CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA CAYE COLLIER (date of